

One of Us Cannot Be Wrong

Gregory Alan Isakov

I lit a thin green candle to make you jealous of me the room filled up with mosquitos they heard that my body was free

and I took the dust of a long sleepless night and I put it in your little shoe and then I confess that I tortured the dress that you wore for the world to look through

and I showed my heart to the doctor he said, 'you just have to quit' then he wrote himself a perscription and your name was mentioned in it

then he locked himself in a library shelf with the details of our honeymoon and I hear from the nurse he's gotten much worse and his practice is all in a ruin

I once knew a saint who had loved you I studied all night in his school he taught that the duty of lovers was to tarnish the golden rule

and just when I was sure that his teachings were pure he drowned himself in the pool his body is gone, but out here on the lawn his spirit continues to drool

an eskimo showed me a movie he'd recently taken of you the poor man could hardly stop shivering his lips and his fingers were blue

I suppose that he froze when the wind took your clothes and I guess he just never got warm but you stand there so nice, in your blizzard of ice